



Cliches VS Reality



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Chapter 1 by owlwrite

Ever since I turned fifteen, I was a firm believer that life does not go as movies and stories portray. But, I didn't mind. Because life IS real and that's what matters. I may feed myself upon false happiness by watching movies and reading books, but life gives you the unexpected. The thrill. The difference.

And I love it.

Cliches:

I listened, bored, to Scott's story of how he and his family's summer vacation on the cruise was the best and nothing could ever beat that. Yeah, I love the guy, he was my best friend after all, but he could get carried away too much with his life. It's hard to believe he can actually listen for a while.

"Okay, class!"

We all kept quiet when Mr Davidson called for our attention. "Before we begin, I would like to

introduce you all to a new student Xander Maccartney.

It seemed to go all slow mo as said boy walked in.

A low whistle sounded.

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Man, he's hot.

I could hear all the girl sighing and squealing. But then he smirked.

God, I hate guys who smirk!

Somehow, he and I did eye contact, and as I raised my eyebrows at him and as he smirked at me, I knew, this year was going to be a living nightmare.

Reality:

Scott leaned on his chair, facing me. "Kassandra Chadwick."

"What?"

"Nothing. I'm just bored."

I shot him a look and then went back to scrolling down Instagram in my phone. Nice filter, there.

"Kassandra Chadwick."

"Hm?" I said without looking up.

I heard my best friend sigh in exasperation. "Stop using your damn phone and talk to me! You were probably staring at that the whole summer, weren't you?"

I hid my phone in my bag and looked at him innocently. "How was your summer?"

Scott rolled his eyes. I've had a crush on him ever since I was eleven but when I turned thirteen, I found out he was already madly in love with Lita Miller, a beautiful girl a year older than us. Although we were still best friends, the feeling, although subsided, never really went away.

Just then, Mr Davidson entered in with a--WHOA, WHO IS THAT HOT GUY?!

"Kids! Meet Xander MacCartney!"

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The room instantly became silent. All eyes were on the new guy. The girls were smiling approvingly and blushing.

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My mouth went dry. How could a guy like him exist?!

I felt a poke.

I turned and saw Scott pointing at me. "Stop staring."

"I'm not staring," I denied.

"You were. And not to ruin your dreams or anything, but a guy like him might not probably notice a girl like you."

I felt a pang of sadness but at the same time knew he was right.

I pushed my glasses up my nose and thought about myself--frizzy, dry brown hair, glasses, acne, curveless body, and just really plain Jane.

I sighed. It was going to be that way, I guess.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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MUST HAVE CLICHE VS REALITY PARTS (and try to be as realistic as possible!!)

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